Braced for Impact

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Braced for Impact

by Ebyru

Summary

A case-gone-wrong brings Will & his imagined stag together -- after a long, confusing, insomniac road.

Notes

For catrionam-prideofportree-67 on tumblr who requested: “I want Hannigram, with Will being the stag, and what that means with Hannibal in some way. I don’t think I’ve seen Will as the stag yet.”

**TBH, I don't know what happened. Mindfuckery ahoy. Sorry?

Also, sorry -- it's un-beta'd.

See the end of the work for more notes

It's a surprise that the sudden wetness doesn't *surprise him. The tip of the stag's nose presses against the palm of his hand, the one hanging open and loose at his side. The push forces him to move forward or fall through where the railing seems jagged and unsafe. He grips the opposite side, stretching over a missing, metal step. He makes it to the second floor, the staircase collapsing behind him.*

The stag snuffles at his back pocket.

{Take your gun out, take it out now.}

*

"Will, have I lost your attention?" Hannibal asks, his face telling Will absolutely nothing of what he's thinking.

"Sorry," he replies, scrubbing at his forehead. "With that last case…I haven't been getting much sleep."

Hannibal crosses his arms, taking a seat in the chair facing Will's. "Perhaps it would have gone better if I had accompanied you as I did for the Shrike."

The smile seems to come from thin air, tugging at Will's lips. He covers his laugh with a clearing of his throat, averting his gaze for as long as seems normal. Hannibal doesn't seem bothered; he leans over his desk to take his glass of wine. He sips it patiently, brushing his bangs back when they slip out of place.

Damp skin presses against the back of Will's neck. It doesn't startle him *still*. Even with the lights on, his eyes open, Hannibal in front of him; knowing he's awake, seated, calm, alive… He breathes in, and the stag drags its nose against his cheek. It nudges his jaw gently.

{You can kiss him. You could do it, and he'd give in. You know he would.}

"—if you'd like some as well," Hannibal says, swishing the wine around the edges.

Will groans, rubbing his temple. “Sorry, what was the beginning?”

“I said I could pour you some if you’d like. You were staring at my glass.” He tilts his wine towards him, his eyes darkening when Will pulls off his glasses. “But I suppose I just lost you again.”

*

The door creaks as Will pushes it open. There is a serious lack of noise; a sign that Will has either arrived too late or too soon – both have their consequences. Jack Crawford should be here any minute, but for now Will is on his own.

Well, save for the stag guiding him further inside the decrepit, abandoned building.

His name is Felix. A neurosurgeon obsessed with tinkering inside of people’s minds as they lie, unknowingly, on his operating table. He dug his fingertips into brain tissue, chopping and tangling memories, prodding and exploring like the creator he thinks himself. Two of his patients are paralyzed from the neck down, the others weren’t so lucky.

Will’s foot slips in a small puddle of blood on the ground as he rounds the corner. The stag walks alongside him now, head and shoulders poised forward, waiting to attack.

{He’s close. You should get prepared.}

Taking out his gun, Will clicks off the safety. He holds it up, aiming already.

*

There’s a glass cupped in between Will’s hands; the contents are lukewarm when he tastes some of it. Hannibal would never serve room temperature wine. It tastes like he’s drinking blood, thick and stifling; like he’s trying to ingest his own tongue. He doesn’t spit it back into the glass like he wants to. He blinks rapidly as he forces himself to swallow.

Hannibal’s lips tug downward. “Are you all right, Will?” he asks, leaning forward in his seat. “I would recommend lying down on my chaise longue if the headache is worsening.”

Will shakes his head, placing his glass on a side table. Hannibal reaches for it and puts it on his desk instead. “Perhaps I should have offered aspirin earlier.”

“I have some left,” mumbles Will, searching through his jacket pockets.

*

His hands shake as he holds the gun in one hand, reaching for pills with the other. The stag’s ears twitch, turning to the left. Will drops the bottle, the resulting sound echoing through the empty building like pinballs. He bites into his bottom lip to keep from making a sound.

A door opens to the left, and the stag stands at full height. His antlers stretch on both sides; dark masses of branches slithering and hovering, scaling the walls, charging forward in coiled heaps. Shot. Shot. Shot. A groan overpowers the hissing in Will’s ears, the hissing of the stag’s antlers reaching to impale Felix harder. Shot. Shot.

He loses count after the fifth one. Felix’s body lies in a pool of his own blood, a collection of surgical tools dipped in red around him.

{It needed to be done. He deserved to die.}

*

There’s a gentle caress against his cheek, and Will opens his eyes to a slanted world. He can read the book covers in Hannibal’s shelf; the stag statue looks to be lying down with him; Hannibal seems to be floating above him, wearing a hesitant smile.

“I managed to move you to the chaise before you passed out,” Hannibal explains, holding out a handful of white pills.

From this angle, they seem to have too many letters on them, or maybe not enough. Will can’t find it in himself to care. He doesn’t want to ask either; some confession or profession of love might slip out instead. At the moment, his mind is more scrambled than Hannibal’s protein-filled breakfasts.

{Don’t worry. He knows. He knows.}

Will takes them, allowing his fingers to drag against Hannibal's palm. He knocks them back, mesmerized by Hannibal folding a damp cloth to put over Will's forehead. He nearly chokes on the pills when he feels combing through his bangs.

"My apologies," says Hannibal. He crouches down at eye level, closer than he's ever been. Closer than Will would allow anyone to be without permission. But Hannibal and Jack have a way of pushing inside his personal space – in their own ways, of course.

Hannibal is much less aggressive about it.

It may just be the soothing calm that Hannibal lets off as a person, but Will's eyes begin to flutter closed as he watches the dark gaze pinned on him, never once faltering.

Slowly, so slowly, he's slipping away. The chaise longue is a raft he steps off of to walk on lily pads, dipping his toes into clear, blue water. Hannibal is there too; the bottom of his dress pants is rolled up to his calves so he can dip his legs in and meet Will half way across. He stumbles over his feet in his hurry to reach Hannibal, tilting side to side like a tower, landing directly in Hannibal's open arms.

Hannibal feels *so* warm. His heart is so steady. It beats loud enough for Will to pick up on which ventricle sends blood streaming through which arteries.

*

Will.

Will, are you with me?

He inhales deeply, throat rasping with words he can't let free. It hurts to breathe for some reason; there's a heavy weight on top of him. He chokes on a moan, his hips lifting up into the air, and his skin itching under and between every pore. He's *dying*, he must be.

"Don't worry, Will. It's only the effects of the medication I gave you," says Hannibal, deathly calm. His shoulders are bare, smooth, slick with sweat.

Will forces his eyes to crack open. “W-what did you give me?” he mutters, griping tighter onto Hannibal’s skin.

“Just a sedative. But I think the wine may have doubled the effects,” he tells Will, sounding barely apologetic.

When Will can open his eyes wider, he notices how sharp Hannibal’s teeth look. Like razors made to tear through flesh, to eat Will alive and leave a pile of bones behind. Like the savages that once roamed the earth, fucking and pillaging as they pleased. He’s smiling a shark’s grin, and Will is underneath, legs spread wide around him.

Skin flushed, nails digging into Hannibal, his cock violet with arousal.

Suddenly, one controlled thrust, and another helpless moan is ripping through Will like a cracking whip. His chest aches with how much he *needs* this to be real; he wanted to give in to some of the darkness so long ago – with someone who can structure it. Hannibal can tame it. He can quiet the insatiable hunger inside Will with his own brutal pounding.

{You see? He knew. He needs you too.}

Hannibal’s teeth sink into Will’s collarbone, tugging with just the right amount of pressure, digging into flesh just hard enough. He pierces through on the next try, and his lips come away bloody. Will writhes with defeat, tangling his fingers in Hannibal’s hair, keeping his eyes wide open as he swipes at the red with his tongue.

“You were made for me,” whispers Hannibal during the next thrust.

And Will’s breath stutters as he works his throat against the rush of blood filling his lungs. It burns so much that he keens, arching up to press his chest to Hannibal’s, begging for it to stop. Or proceed.

Make it stop, make it stop! Get inside me, climb into me!

*

The stag faces him through a mirror. Its antlers are poised towards him; it reels back, lunging —

“Wake up,” Hannibal says, frantically shaking Will’s shoulder.

The relief seems to flood through him when Will nods, sitting up. “I’m okay,” he says.

There’s not a hair out of place on Hannibal’s head, and both their glasses are still full of *Bordeaux*, waiting on Hannibal’s desk.

“I think you should stay under my supervision tonight,” suggests Hannibal. “I can offer a proper sleeping aid if you do.”

Considering how many dogs he has waiting at home, Will wonders why he agrees so quickly. “Y-yeah, thanks,” he says.

Hannibal straightens up from his crouching position. “I’ll just be a moment.”

Slow taps sound behind Will, and he knows without looking that dark fur and eyes await him if he turns around. The stag presses its antlers into Will’s back, deeper, deeper, digging inside. Flesh shreds as it crawls inside, impossibly tight, forcing muscles to expand and fit a full-grown male beast inside of a human shell. Will wants to cry out, but there’s no pain; there’s only sudden clarity, relief, a soft murmur of what was once an echoing voice inside his mind.

{He wants you. He will have you. You can’t escape it.}

Will can’t deny that it – *he* – is right.

End Notes

comments always appreciated. :)

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